

# Abhandlungen

# BREWER

А. ЯО

# Preface

BEEF STEW

# Я Е Т Е М виа ТИАМ

10

S Y T A 3



# HOTEL HUA

# ЭНТЛО

### Assumption Procession

# ЭНТЯО

## **Tutoring Services Catalogue**

Teachers: Printed for your M&P class books

4154 J. H. Johnson  
(cont'd. from p. 2)

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*Argyrosome Processions*

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The Digital Classics Catalogue

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(cont'd. from p. 2)

**B R E W E R Y**

# Preposterous Union

MALT and METER, &c.

Sing, the Bard whose metrical  
Strains,  
Whose compositions bring us home  
To their Spirit draw from Hope  
and Gratitude;

Apollo's first degenerate Son,  
That e'er left Butcher and his Tun,  
To make dark, heavy Art agree  
With more aspiring Poetry,

Believe

A 2

And

To brew and gingle at a time ;  
Tho' if consider'd as it should be  
By all who Poets are, or would be,  
'Tis not so great a Wonder neither,  
Since merry Cobblers, o'er their Leather,  
Like him, oft work and sing together.

### Precious Joints

The Tinker took that Man of Mettle,  
Tunes Ballads to the sound of Kettle M  
And ev'ry Vulcan at his File  
In Song eas'd his Voice like w  
Why therefore, tho' 'tis somewhat new  
Whynt w... d both poetize and h  
Since all Men know that M... and M...  
Begin with one and the same Letter's  
And therefore should agree the better.  
Besides I grivous s... from thi W  
C A

Besides, this *Boyd* that will be nibbling  
 At th' Art of *Brewing* well as *Scribbling*,  
 May from that wicked Weed call'd *Hope*  
 Draw bitter *Satys* for the *Shops*  
 Of *Pamphletters*, whose only Art is  
 To tease bad gull contending *Parties*,  
 And scan the Worth of what is writing,  
 By Line and Page instead of Wit;  
 As *Wives* judge their *Spinners* Pains,  
 By Number of their *Lays* and *Scains*.

"Tis true, the *Muses* have sometimes  
 Let *Stockings* dealt, as well as *Rhymes*,  
 And condescended in their *Freaks*  
 To versify o'er *Files* and *Bricks*, I doubt it  
 As 'tis well known to Prophet Dan,  
 And others of the Rhyming *Clan*,

But never had till now the Maggot  
 To stoop so low as *Tub* and *Spiggin*,  
 As if the Nine, so famous of Old,  
 In musty Tales by Poets told,  
 Their *Hellenium* Streams had slighted; 10  
 And in good happy Ale delighted,  
 Esteeming Cellar's better Fountains,  
 Than any in *Pennia's* Mountains;  
 So careful Wives, whose common Cheat  
 Hath been *Tee*, *Coffee*, and *Sand-hem*,  
 When once refresh'd with Juice that's richer,  
 Soon Gossips, and adore the Ritchens; 15  
 Why, therefore, let no Whig pick Quarrels  
 With Ned, about his *Tub* and *Bairns*,  
 Or think his *Pegasus* must halt,  
 Because so grossly fed with Malt, few air  
 Like Brewer's Horse that drags a Sodre  
 Of Beer from *Ale-house* Door to Door ;

But

But

But let them first look back upon  
 Saint Cromwell, who usurp'd the Throne,  
 And they may find, his Rise was owing,  
 Before his Fighting, to his Brewing,  
 From whence, as many do suppose,  
 He first deriv'd his Copper-Nose,  
 Inflam'd by tippling old October  
 With Satan's Party call'd the Sober,  
 Who, when they'd drank his Cellars dry,  
 And made him to the Army fly,  
 The Preaching proud Fanatick Scrubs  
 Made Pulpits of his empty Tubs,  
 That thro' the Bung-holes they might shew  
 Their Parts to the attentive Crew  
 Of pious Dames, those figbing Saints  
 Best won by Standing-Arguments.

Not

Nor did the Gildes, that prack'd at  
 Random,  
 Forget their Friend who had sustain'd 'em,  
 But labour'd hard, when they had broke  
 him,  
 To set him up again, Pox choke him,  
 Who swallow'd, like an impious Sot,  
 Three Kingdoms at one bloody Draught;  
 And yet like other Saints, some say,  
 Would o'er his Cups both preach and pray,  
 And was the first that taught the Nation  
 To swear, forswear upon Occasion,  
 Recant and recant, make, take, and break,  
 All sorts of Oaths for Heaven's Sake;  
 A Freedom modern Saints are proud of,  
 And hope 'twill always be allow'd of;  
 Because such Liberty agrees  
 The best with Tender Consciences;

For should a *Zealot* be confin'd  
 To take an *Oath* against his Mind,  
 The *Principles* of *Revolution*,  
 If Int'rest does but make the Motion,  
 Will without *Scruple* frankly give him  
 An *Absolution* to relieve him.  
 Therefore the *Tories* must agree  
 No People but the *Whigs* are free ;  
 And they are really so, because  
 They're bound by neither *Oaths* nor *Laws*.

Nor did *Old Noll* alone advance  
 These good Examples for the *Saints*,  
 But made in that domestick Strife  
 As many Shifts and Turns of Life,  
 And gave the World as much Surprize,  
 As *Quid's Metamorphosis*,

EnA

B

Changing

Changing his Copper or his Kettle-horn  
 To a Dubblet made of tougher Metal; let oT  
 His Mash-staff to a trusty Sword  
 To fight the Battles of the Lord,  
 His broad-brim'd Hat to Cap of Iron.  
 That did his plating Head inviron,  
 His Firkins, Kildorkins and Barrels  
 To Drums that beat up Civil Quarrel,  
 His Horses, Droyman, and his Coopers  
 Into rebellious plund'ring Troops,  
 And into Waggons turn'd each Dray  
 To bear sequester'd Goods away;  
 Changing himself, who had been wrapp'd in  
 His Mother's Smock, into a Captain;  
 From thence by gradual Steps proceeded,  
 Till he the Kingdom's Head behoved,  
 And

And after fifty Changes more  
 Became, in spite of Kingly Pow'r,  
 What Brewer never was before.

Therefore since some from *brewing Tubs*  
 Of ~~it~~ have ris'n to *Purple Robes*,  
 And climb'd aloft, as 'tis well known,  
 From *smoaky Stoke-hole* to a *Throne* ;  
 Why should a *Poet*, if he *brews*,  
 Become a *Scandal* to his *Muse*?  
 And e'ry *Blackhead* think his *Brains*  
 Run only upon *Hops* and *Grains*?  
 When *Brewers* have from *Tuns* and *Coolers*  
 Arose to be our *Sov'reign Rulers*,  
 And still to their *immortal Praise*  
 Build Coaches daily out of *Drays* ;  
 Nay, often sit with *Apprabation*  
 Among the *Wisdom* of the *Nation*,

And look as big, and talk as fair,  
As any Whig or Tory there;  
When Poets, who can make fine Speeches,  
Are jostl'd out as worthless Wretches,  
As if 'twas wisely thought unsitting  
That Men of Wit, who live by Writing,  
Should in that House take up their Sitting.

One, who of late aspir'd as high  
As borrow'd Wings could hope to fly,  
And had procur'd a Seat among  
The awful Legislative Throng,  
Was forc'd, alas! to quit his Place,  
And turn Head-Hoistler to his Grace,  
For only threat'ning in his Letters,  
Those dang'rous Persons call'd our Betters;  
Asserting, when himself was chose  
A Member of the Commons H<sup>o</sup>-se,

That

That e'ry Man, tho' ne'er so big,  
Should now account to Captain Whig;  
Which made the Tories laugh to see  
The Tool's Hibernian Modesty;  
Yet when he found himself discarded,  
And all his Insolence rewarded,  
He then could change his Tone to please  
The Whigs, and make it out with Ease,  
That Members by the Country sent  
To fit and serve in Parliament,  
Were but the Peoples bare Attornies  
Sent on their Errands and their Journeys  
And must, as he vouchsafes to us, be  
Be accountable to those that choose them;  
From whence 'tis fairly to be noted,  
That when the Tories are out-voted,  
And Faction by her Brib'ry fills  
The House with Hambdens, Pyms and Stu-

The Parliament must be supreme,  
And even King's account to themon

But, when the Tories have engross'd  
The Pow'r, and justly rule the Roast,  
They must not baffle the Intrigues  
Of factious Schismaticks and Whigs,  
Or blot out Wounds with wholesome Plasters,  
But the vile Crowd must be their Masters,  
And Senates dread the Nation's Scam,  
Hibernian Dick, and Captain Tom.

Whigs in Pow'r can never err,  
More wicked than Lucifer,  
Nor Tories by the Whigs be thought  
Good Patriots, tho' without a Fau't;  
None those that hate the Church and Throne  
Injnore no Works, except their Own,

But

But, Crick like, their Vicks shew,  
 And damn in Spight what others do.  
 Thus long have I digress'd to tell  
 How one poor Wit from Glory fell,  
 Whose formidable Pen of late  
 Was thought such Arms against the State,  
 That nothing could have brought about  
 The Down-fall of a Man so stout;  
 But that thy Trick of Spelling var.

Therefore, I think, since Poets may not  
 And Brewers do remain in Senate,  
 Ned's in the right on't more for Brewing,  
 Than Dick for Scribbling to his Rum;  
 For tho' one never hopes to thrive  
 Into a Representative,

Yet he's more bleſſ'd whiſe Fottinie falls; And  
 Below St. Stephen's Chappel Wall,  
 Than he that climbs, and is from thence  
 Spew'd out for want of Buſt or ſenſe! T

His Caffock friend had Wit to play on W.  
 His Cards a much ſecurer Way, 'tis W.  
 He ne'ret kept within his Tedder, and T  
 Did follow'd his ſuccellent Leader, 'till T  
 Spoke d Day and Night with Pen and  
 Paper,

Statesman's Under-Strapper,  
 And knew as well as any Man,  
 Which Side his Bread was butter'd on;  
 Thus whiſt one Irish Author lost  
 His Credit, Int'reft, and his Poſt  
 In England, where he might have been  
 A Fav'rite of the Church and Queen;

The other wisely got, who set,  
A good fat Irish Deanery,  
And in that Isle began his Rise,  
Whilst t'other idly sunk in this.  
Thus Party-Wits are toss'd about,  
Just as their Friends are in or out,  
One for a time has all the Kegue,  
Next Change his Writing provokes a Drug,  
So St - - l, when Whig, shall make  
The Rule, shall like a King be King,  
And some such like.

That if one broke when over-strain'd,  
 Another might be near at hand.  
 But, cries the Critick, thro' the strings  
 Are two, they're not two diff'rent Things;  
 The Use of both, if both are wanted,  
 Are still the same, it must be granted;  
 But Brewing join'd with Poesizing,  
 Now 'tis Preposterous and Surprizing?  
 A Chimney-Sweeper may as well  
 In Sarsnet-Hoods and Ribbons deal,  
 As Sav'ry Tom, to mend or prop  
 His Fortune, keep a Custard-Shop.

But let the carping World object  
 What'er they please, in Disrespect  
 To Ned, and make themselves a Jury  
 Between the M'sns and the Brewery;

Yet

Yet have I often seen, I vow,  
 As odd Companions join e'er now; <sup>Believes</sup>  
 Passive-Obedience, have I known  
 Shake Hands with *Toleration*, <sup>in close</sup>  
 And *High-Church Loyalists*, like Fools,  
 Embrace *reconciling Principles*. <sup>To</sup>  
 Nay, I have seen an *Oliverian* <sup>vis' e'</sup> on T  
 Hug *Lope*, and *Lanista Presbyterian*, <sup>ed T</sup>  
 And ev'n *Monarchy*, by stealth, <sup>is 159 e' on W</sup>  
 Indulge and favour *Cromwell*; <sup>is 159</sup>  
 If such wide Opposites as these,  
 Such envious Contrarieties <sup>can b' made</sup>  
 Can kiss and spin in peaceful Straps;  
 Like *Tudor* and *Orange* down the *Thames*,  
 Why should ye wonder thus to find  
 The *Mash-Tub* with the *Muses* join'd?  
 Or think *Apollo* too officious, <sup>and bram'st</sup>  
 In shaking Hands with *Dionysius*?

Besides, the Saints, those Sons of Grace,  
 Those English Jews of Holy Race,  
 Those pious Chars, exempt from Evil,  
 Have long united Pope and Devil,  
 And pass'd 'em on the Mob and others,  
 For Twins, at least two Living Brothers,  
 Tho' e'ry Body knows, I hope,  
 The Devil's much older than the Pope,  
 Who'er the World was gull'd with Fictions,  
 Were held Two perfect Contradictions,  
 Yet now they're reconcil'd forever,  
 Defam'd, and nam'd, and burnt together,  
 And Twice a Year are made as great,  
 As Leek and Taffy hung in State.  
 The Papists too, those lamentable  
 Tremendous Bugbears to the Rabble,  
 To

To the same Year's Produce, we see,  
Ascribe both Hops and Heresy,  
And bind 'em, in these Pious Days,  
Together often in one Phrase.  
Why therefore is it thought a Crime,  
For Malt to correspond with Rhyme,  
Since Hops, in this reforming Land,  
And Heresy walk Hand in Hand?  
Yet you'll object, that Grains and Verse  
Agree as ill as Brains and Stairs,  
Which seldom meet by Trip of Foot,  
But one, almost, knockt's t'other out;  
Therefore you may inferr from thence,  
That Brewing Ale and Tagging Sense  
Are Talents of as wide a Nature,  
As Earth and Air, or Fire and Water;  
Yet I on Ned's behalf agree,  
There may be some Analogy  
'Twixt

'Twixt *Malt* and *Meter*, since good *Liquor*  
 Makes *Fancy* operate the quicker,  
 And causeth ev'ry *Postster* to laid him  
 To spur on *Pegasus* the faster.  
 I've often by Experience found,  
 When jaded *Muse* has been aground  
 For want of some damn'd trooked *Word*,  
 To make two *Ultimates* accord,  
 That then one nappy *Dose* inspires  
 My *Brains* with what my *Verse* requires,  
 And gives my *Pens* as quick Dispatches,  
 As *Wamen* make, that dip *Card-matches*,  
 Therefore I do from thence agree,  
 Good *Ale* turns all to *Poetry*,  
 When drank by *Lovers* of the *Muses*,  
 Those celebrated singing *Huzzies*,  
 Nor does the home-spun *Juice* of *Malt*,  
 Like *foreign Wines*, alone exalt

The

The Farty, but if drank in Season,  
 Strengthens and modulates our Reason ;  
 The fragrant Hop at the same time  
 Does with the Malt itself sublime,  
 And into Gingle tunes our Meter,  
 That ev'ry Line may found the sweeter,  
 And make the Sense pass off the better.  
 'Tis true, some ancient Bards assign  
 Their Raptures to the Pow'r of Wine,  
 And always took a hearty Dose,  
 Before they mounted Pegasus ;  
 And then, as if the Devil drove 'em,  
 Made greater Speed than did behove 'em  
 But modern Poets find the Muses  
 Are better pleas'd with good Malt-Juice,  
 Because they elevate the Senses,  
 By slow Degrees, at small Expences,

And keep you in these straining Times  
From being too lazish of their Rhymes.

Peruse but *Gordon's Golden Lays*,  
Those matchless Numbers sung in Praise  
Of Glorious Mild, that Drink Divine,  
That Nectar, far surpassing Wine,  
That Noble Cordial swill'd by Porters,  
And bless'd by Soldiers at their Quarters;  
And he who reads the same, must find  
Such Wit with so much Learning join'd,  
That he can do no less than think,  
*With Pots of the immortal Drink*  
In Ale-house Box inspir'd the Poet,  
For nothing but *Mild-Bear* could do it,  
And cause the thoughtful Bard to dream  
So well on such a drowsy Theme;

EnA

Thus

Thus English Poets, without Puzzle,  
 Can rhyme o'er Winchesters of Guzzle,  
 And from the gen'rous oily Strength  
 Of Malt, draw Lines of any Length ;  
 Whilst fragrant Hops the same embellish,  
 And give their Verse the better Relish ;  
 Tho', I confess, I'm not inclin'd  
 To be of honest Carlo's Mind ;  
 I'm for no falsome, bitter Drenches,  
 That heighten Drought, but never quenches,  
 No Hackley-Brewer's grouty Drink,  
 But ever thought, and still must think,  
 Brown, foggy Beers inspires our Brains  
 With nothing but Balladian Strains,  
 And common Stout, like Bullock's Blood,  
 By merry Cobblers held so Good,  
 Whene'er it's drank by Men of Parts,  
 Turns half to Pung, and half to Farts ;

Therefore the *Bard* that would inspire  
 His *Mus<sup>n</sup>* with *Hudibrastick Fire*,  
 Must lay aside *Brown Drink* for *Pale*,  
 And tipple *W<sup>--d</sup>'s* *salubrious Ale* ;  
 Who, when he *brews*, invokes the *Nine*  
 To make his *Liquor* more *Divine*,  
 Than *Indian Punch*, or *Gallisk Wine*.

Yet some, who do not care to see  
*Brewing* shake *Hands* with *Poetry*,  
 Alledge that *Two* such *diff'rent Trades*  
 Require the *Care* of *Two good Heads*,  
 And that 'tis plain *Ned* has at most  
 But *One*, if *he* has that to *boast*,  
 And therefore do conceive 'tis better  
 For *him* to only mind his *Meter*,  
 And not to incommod<sup>e</sup> his *Brains*.  
 With *Brew-house*, *Barrels*, *Tubs* and *Grains* ;  
 Such

Such *Implements* that look *fantastick*,  
 In Hand of *Poet Hudibrastick*,  
 And would be fitter for the Use  
 Of *sordid Dray-man* than of *M U S E.*  
 But still, if we consider *all Things*,  
 And but compare *Great Things* with *Small*  
*Things*,  
 These *Censures* will not stick so hard  
 Upon the *Brewing Poet W.-d*,  
 But that a Man in his Defence  
 May quote *whole Reams* of *Precedents*,  
 Wherein much greater Men than he  
 Have truck'd to *Necessity*,  
 And oft been glad to bumbly do  
 Those *Things*; they ne'er were bred unto  
 A King, e'er now, in *Chimney-Nook*  
 Hath wound up *Jack* for *Betty Cook*,

And Country Parson in the middle  
 O'th' Church-yard play'd both Bear and  
 Fiddle;

Nay, Machiavelian Lords of late,  
 Whose Business 'tis to steer the State,  
 Think it no Scandal now to mix  
 Uncertain Stocks with Politicks,  
 Or to divide, the more's the pity,  
 Themselves betwixt the Gun and Gun.

Why then should it degrade a Poet  
 To make good Ale, I fain would know it?  
 Or sell within Doors what he brews,  
 Without Dishonour to his Muse?  
 Since even Merchants turn Retailers,  
 And sell their Wines by Quarts in Gallons,  
 Where they appoint subfervient Nizies  
 To vend their Stum at Under-Prices.

Nay,

Nay, Poets are so bumble grown  
 To speak ~~sins~~ Prologues of their Own,  
 With Cloak and Fart-Boy at their Arses  
 To give New Life to their Old Farces ;  
 And Players, prompted by their Spite,  
 Turn Poets, and presume to write,  
 Then act the same, to win Applause,  
 From mat-bound Petticoats and Beaux.

The Saint that does the Dru'l renounce,  
 Squints Two contrary ways at Once,  
 And in these pious Times thinks fitting  
 To trim his Soul twixt Church and Meeting,  
 For fear he should be half undone,  
 By sticking close to either One ;  
 So Ned divided, writes and brews,  
 To try if darkling Gain accrues  
 More from his Mash-Tub than his Muse.

All sorts of Cobblers are in haste,  
 For Int'rest to out-run their Laſt ;  
 The Country Parſon turns Phyſician,  
 And London Trader Politician ;  
 Dull Pedants too, in queſt of Pence,  
 Turn Criticks upon Men of ſenſe,  
 Pick Quarrels with the Faults they find,  
 But what's Praise-worthy never mind,  
 And by thofe Wiles make Others paſſ  
 For Block-heads of the loweft Clafs,  
 When 'tis the Critick that's the Ass.  
 In ſhort, all sorts of Trades encroach  
 Upon their Neighbours, like the Dutah,  
 Whose Burgo-Maſters, tho' they play  
 Their Parts in Senate-Houſe to Day,  
 To Mornor lay afide their State,  
 And ſit in Markets ſelling Skate,

Eggs,

Eggs, Butter, Brandy, all together,  
 And think it no Dishonour neither ;  
 Why then mayn't we, who've been of late  
 So Dutchify'd in Church and State,  
 Deal without Scandal, or Offence,  
 In any Thing to gain the Pence ?  
 Especially, when Party-Pride  
 Makes Envy grin on e'ry Side,  
 And nothing thrives, we plainly see,  
 But base, unbridl'd Villany.

When Bacchus, alias Dionysius,  
 First brew'd good Ale, 'twas so delicious,  
 That skilful Topers would prefer it  
 To Malmsey, Malaga, or Claret,  
 And suck it out of Jugs and Goblets,  
 Till their Tun-Bellies burst their Dubblets ;

And, when thus tippling, were as great  
O'er Leatherne Jacks of ancient Date; i h  
As Kings in all their Pomp and State.

Brewing had then the Reputation : 1501  
Of b'ing a notable Profession; : 1501  
And e'ry Brewer thought to be  
A Conjuror in Chymistry;  
Who'd found the Grand Elixir out,  
That Chymists make from Wark abpat,  
By which, to all Mens great Surprize,  
They did to sudden Riches rise;  
But 'twas before they paid Excise.  
For ever since, the Throne securtes  
That Profit which was once the Brewer's,  
And leaves him nothing but the Grains,  
That Caput Mortuum for his Pains;

What if we had help any where  
To make us free, whence, if not kept in due  
Time, will it ever go to us? — But  
I am going to say for the Church and State,  
that they will the Son reign, & he will not  
And govern them, they should obey; bNA  
Belie the Devil, & repel the Bad, 30  
Depose, ~~base~~, him on like that, <sup>giving</sup> bNA  
Ariſt like the croaking Frogs, Pox fool 'em.  
They git Louie ~~West~~ Stork to rule 'em;  
A Cromwell, who by Discord Civil,  
Turns Truth to Error, Good to Evil  
And reigns like a Protecting Devil.  
Yea, <sup>A</sup> famous Nations, when they're  
Have always a rebellion <sup>good</sup> in them  
To change the Prince, beneath whose <sup>good</sup>  
They've runn'd their Dogs and Caffers.

For some Usurper, who has Sense  
Enough to drain 'em of their Pence,  
And tame 'em, by removing wholly  
The Cause that made 'em so unruly;  
For the best Doctors, who by Tricks  
And Stratagems cure Lunaticks,  
Of Money always first divest 'em,  
And strip 'em of the Cloaths that drest 'em,  
Then, with Straw-Beds and slender Diet,  
Reduce 'em to their former Quiet;  
So restless Rebels should be us'd,  
Who're most at Ease, when most abus'd.

Perhaps, you'll ask me what Relation  
This long Satirical Digression  
Bears to the Poetafter's Brewing,  
Or Brewer's Scribbling to be doing;

I own, my Zeal hath warm'd my Mind,  
 That Ignis-satius of Mankind,  
 And led me, as it often hath  
 The Saints, a Mile beside the Path;  
 But if we do but well consider  
 How all Men run beyond their Tedder,  
 We may coniue at one poor Poet,  
 Among the Crowd that daily do it.  
 However, since all Wit's a Drug,  
 Compar'd to th' Bottle or the Mug,  
 And nappy Ale now Money's scarce,  
 Sells better far than Prose or Verse;  
 No Critick ought to damn the Bard  
 That bumbly condescends, like W--d,  
 To brew, as if he meant in Spite  
 To low'r the Pride of those that write,

